

## WORLD GROWS BETTER.

Dr. Talmage Says the Time in Which We Live is Wonderful for Disaster and Blessings.

The Dead Sea Rolls Today Where Ancient Cities Stood.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage recites some great events and shows that the world is advancing in the right direction; text, Joel 1, 30, "I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth."

Dr. Cumming—great and good man—would have told us the exact time of the fulfillment of this prophecy. As I stepped into his study in London on my arrival from Paris in 1891, he had just returned at Sedan the good doctor said to me: "It is just what I had told you about France. People laughed at me because I talked about the seven horns and the vials, but I foresaw this in the book of Daniel and the book of Revelation." Not taking any such responsibility in the interpretation of the passage, I simply assert that there are in it suggestions of many things in time.

Our eyes dilate and our heart quickens in its pulsations as we read of events in the third century, the sixth century, the eighth century, the fourteenth century, but there were no such things as earthquakes crowded into the nineteenth century than into any other, and the last twenty years eclipse any preceding twenty. We read in the daily newspapers of events announced in one paragraph and without special emphasis—events which Herodotus, a Josephus, a Xenophon, a Gibbon, would have taken whole chapters or whole volumes to elaborate. Looking out upon our time, we must cry out in the words of the text, "Wonders in the heavens and in the earth."

I propose to show you that the time in which we live is wonderful for disaster and wonderful for blessing, for there must be lights and shades in this picture as in all others. Need I argue that our time is wonderful for disaster? Our world has had a rough time since by the hand of God it was bowled out into space. It is an epileptic earth—convulsion after convulsion; frosts pounding it with sledge hammer of icebergs and fires melting it with furnaces seven times heated. It is a wonder to me it has lasted so long. Meteors shooting by on this side and grazing it and meteors shooting by on the other side and grazing it, none of them slowing up for safety. Whole fleets and navies and argosies and flotillas of worlds sweeping all about us. Our earth like a fishing smack off the banks of Newfoundland, while the majestic and the St. Paul and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse rush by. Besides that, our world has by sin been damaged in its internal machinery, and ever and anon the furnaces have burst, and the walking beams of the mountains have broken, and the islands have shipped a sea, and the great bulk of the world has been jarred with accidents that ever and anon threatened immediate demotion.

But it seems to us as if the last hundred years were especially characterized by disaster—volcanic, oceanic, epidemic. I say volcanic because an earthquake is only a volcano hushed up. When Stromboli, Cotopaxi and Vesuvius stop breathing, let the foundations of the earth beware! Seven thousand earthquakes in two centuries recorded in the catalogue of the British association; the Emperor, emperor, goes to ancient Antioch, and amid the splendours of his reception is met by an earthquake that nearly destroys the emperor's life.

Lisbon, fair and beautiful, at 1 o'clock on the 1st of November, 1755, in six minutes, 60,000 have perished, and Voltaire writes of them, "For that region it was the last judgment; nothing wanting but a trumpet." Europe and America feeling the throbb—1500 chimneys in Boston partly or fully destroyed.

But the disasters of other times have had their counterpart in later times. In 1812 Caracas was caught in the grip of an earthquake, in 1882 in Chile 100,000 square miles of land were buried, and in 1883 to four and seven feet of permanent elevation; in 1854 Japan felt the geological agony; Naples shaken in 1857, Mexico in 1858; Mendoza, the capital of the Argentine Republic, in 1861; the Hawaiian Islands by such force uplifted and let down in 1871; Nevada shaken in 1871, Antioch in 1872; California in 1872, San Salvador in 1873, while 1883 was the year of the most tremendous earthquake in the Mediterranean, in Asia, an island of the Mediterranean, a beautiful Italian watering place, vineyard clad, surrounded by all natural charm and historical reminiscence; yonder Capri, the summer resort of the Roman emperors; yonder Naples, the paradise of art—this beautiful island suddenly toppled into the trough of the earth, 8000 merrymakers perishing, and some of them so far down beneath the reach of human obsequies that it may be said of many one of them, as it was said of Moses, "The Lord buried him." Italy, all Europe weeping, all Christendom weeping where there were hearts to sympathize and Christians to pray. But while the nations were measuring the magnitude of disaster, measuring it not with golden rod like that with which the angel measured heaven, but with the black rule of death, Java, of the Indian archipelago, the most fertile island of all the earth, is caught in the grip of the earthquake, and mountain after mountain goes down, and city after city until that island, which produces the best beverage of all the world, produces the ghastliest catastrophe. One hundred thousand people dying, dead! Coming nearer home, on August 31, 1886, the great earthquake which prostrated one-half of Charleston, S. C.

But look at the disasters cyclonic. At the mouth of the Ganges are three islands, the Hattiah, the Sandeep and the Dakin Shabazpore. In the midnight of October, 1877, on all those three islands the cry was "The waters!" A cyclone arose and rolled the sea over the islands, and a population of 340,000, 215,000 were drowned. Only those saved who had climbed to the top of the highest trees! Did you ever see a cyclone? No? Then I pray God you may never see one. I saw a cyclone on the ocean, and it swept us 800 miles back from our course, and for thirty-six hours during the cyclone and after it we expected every moment to go to the bottom. They told us before we were fallen at 9 o'clock that the barometer had fallen, but at 11 o'clock at night we were awakened with the shock of the waves. All the lights out! Crash went all the lifeboats. Waters rising through the skylights down into the cabin and down on the furnaces until they hissed and smoked in the deluge. Seven hundred people praying, shrieking. Our great ship poised a moment on the top of a mountain of phosphorescent fire and then plunged down, down until it seemed as if she never would again be righted. Ah, you never want to see a cyclone at sea!

But I was in Minnesota, where there was one of those cyclones on land that swept the city of Rochester from its foundations and took dwelling houses, barns, men, women, children, horses, cattle and tossed them into indiscriminate ruin and lifted a rail train and dashed it down, mightier hand than that of engineer on the airbrake. Cyclone in Kansas, cyclone in Missouri, cyclone in Wisconsin, cyclone in Illinois, cyclone in Iowa! Satan, prince of the power of the air, never made such cyclonic disturbances as he has in our day. And am I not right in saying that one of the characteristics of the time in which we live is disaster cyclonic?

But look at the disasters oceanic. Shall I call the roll of the dead shipping? Ye monsters of the deep, answer when I call your names. The Ville de Havre, the Schiller, the City of Boston, the Melville,

the President, the Cimbrina, the Oregon, the Mohegan. But why should I go on calling the roll when none of them answers, and the roll is as long as the white scroll of the Atlantic surf at Cape Hatteras breakers? If the oceanic cables could report all the scattered life and all the beached bones that they run against in the ocean, what a message of woes and tragedy for both beaches! In one storm eighty fishermen perished off the coast of Newfoundland and whole fleets of them off the coast of England. God help the poor fellows at sea, and give seats in heaven to the Grace Darlings and Ida Lewises and the lifeboat men hovering around Goodwin sands and the Skerries. The sea, owning three-fourths of the earth, proposes to capture the other fourth, and is bombarding the land all around the earth. The moving of the hotels at Brighton Beach backward 100 yards from where they once stood, a type of what is going on all around the world and on every coast. The Dead Sea rolls to-day where ancient cities stood.

But now I turn the leaf in my subject, and I plant the white lilies and the palm trees amid the nightshades and the myrtle. This age no more characterized by iron dross of disaster than by wonders of blessing—blessing of longevity; the average of human life rapidly increasing. Forty years now worth 400 years once.

Now I can travel from Manitoba to New York in less than three days. In other times it would have taken three months. In other words, three days now are worth three months of other days. The average of human life practically greater now than when Noah lived, with his 950 years, and Methuselah lived his 969 years.

Blessings of intelligence: The Salmon P. Chases and the Abraham Lincolns and the Henry Wilsons of the coming time will not be required to learn to read by pigskin lights or seated on shoemaker's bench, nor will the Fergusonians have to study astronomy while watching the cattle. Knowledge rolls its tides along every poor man's door, and his children may go down and bathe in them.

If the philosophers of a hundred years ago were called up to recite in a class with our boys and girls, those old philosophers would be sent down to the foot of the questions!

Free libraries in all the important towns and cities of the land. Historical alveos and poetical shelves and magazine tables for all who desire to walk through them or sit down at them.

So I rejoice day by day. Work for all to do, and we may turn the crank of the Christian machinery this way or that, for we are free agents. But there is the track laid so long ago no one remembers it, and by the hand of the Almighty God in sockets that no terrestrial or satanic pressure can ever affect.

And along the track the car of the world's redemption will roll and roll to the Great Central Depot of the millennium. I have no anxiety about the track. I am only afraid that for our indolence and unfaithfulness God will discharge us and get some other stoker and some other engineer. The train is going through with or without us.

There is a house in London where Peter the Great of Russia lived awhile when he was moving through the land incognito and in workman's dress, that he might learn ship carpentry by which he might supply the needs of his people. A stranger was visiting at that house, "What's in that box?" The owner said, "I don't know. That box was there when I got the house, and it was there when my father got it. We haven't had any curiosity to look at it. I guess there's nothing in it."

"Well," said the stranger, "I'll give you £2 for it." "Well, done." The £2 was the value and the content of that box were sold to the Czar of Russia for \$50,000. In the lathing machine of Peter the Great, his private letters and documents of value beyond all monetary consideration. And here are the events that seem very insignificant and unimportant, but they are treasures of Divine Providence and eternities of meaning which after awhile God will demonstrate before the ages as being of stupendous value.

When Titian play quito they pitch mountains, but who owns these gigantic natural forces are constantly reading about? Whose hand is on the throttle valve of the volcanoes? Whose foot, suddenly planted on the footstool, makes the continents quiver? God! I must be at peace with Him.

Through the Lord Jesus Christ this God is mine and He is yours. I put the earthquake that shook Palestine at the crucifixion against all the down rockings of the centuries. This God on our side, we may challenge all the centuries of time and all the cycles of eternity.

Those of you who are in midlife may well thank God that they have seen so many wondrous things, but there are people alive to-day who may live to see the shimmering veil between the material and the spiritual world lifted.

Magnetism, a word with which we cover up our ignorance, will yet be an explored realm. Electricity, the fiery courier of the sky, that Benjamin Franklin leashed, and Morse and Bell and Edison have brought under complete control, has greater wonders to reveal.

Whether here or departed this life, we will see these things. It does not make much difference where we stand, but the higher the standpoint the larger the prospect. We will see them from heaven if we do not see them from earth.

Years ago I was at Fire Island, Long Island, and I went up in the cupola from which they telegraph to New York the approach of vessels hours before they come into port. There is an opening in the wall, and the operator puts his telescope through that opening and looks out and sees vessels far out at sea. While I was talking with him he went up and looked out. He said, "We are expecting the Arizona to-night." I said: "Is it possible you know all those vessels? Do you know the sea you know a man's face?" He said: "Yes, I never make a mistake. Before I see the hulls I often know them by the masts. I know them all—I have watched them so long."

Oh, what a grand thing it is to have ships telegraphed and heralded long before they come to port, that friends may come down to the wharf and welcome their long absent ones! So to-day we take our stand in the watch tower, and through the glass of inspiration we look out and see a whole fleet of ships coming in. That is the ship of peace, flag with one star of Bethlehem floating above the topgallants. That is the ship of the church, mark of salt water high upon the smokestack, showing she has had rough weather, but the Captain of Salvation commands her, and all is well with her. The ship of heaven, mightiest craft ever launched, millions of passengers waiting for millions more, prophets and apostles and martyrs in the cabin, conquerors at the foot of the mast, while from the rigging hands are waving this way as if they knew us, and we wave back again, for they are ours. They went out from our own households. Ours! Hail, hail! Put off the black and put on the white. Stop tolling the funeral bell and ring the wedding anthem. Shut up the hearse and take the chariot.

Now the ship comes around the great headland. Soon she will strike the wharf and we will go aboard her. Tears for ships going out. Laughter for ships coming in. Now she touches the wharf. Throw out the planks. Block not up that gangway with embracing long lost friends, for you will have eternity of reunion. Stand back and give way until other millions come aboard her. Farewell to sin! Farewell to struggle! Farewell to sickness! Farewell to death! "Blessed are all who enter in through the gates into the city."

(Copyright, 1901, L. Klopsch.)

## COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

### General Trade Conditions.

R. G. Dun & Company's Weekly Review of Trade says: Current trade is of ample dimensions, but traffic congestion grows worse, and labor controversies add to the embarrassment of shippers. Prices of commodities tend upward. Although nominal quotations of iron and steel are unchanged, figures refer only to future deliveries, and in most cases prices for current shipment command a considerable premium.

Activity and strength are conspicuous in the markets for domestic wool. Cotton goods are in better request, but mills delay new undertakings because of the sudden rise in raw material, and if it is sustained there will probably be a new price list of prints.

Staple products continue advancing, corn making a most sensational gain. Cotton was aroused from its lethargy by an unexpectedly low official estimate of the current crop at only 6,674,000 bales, when about a million more was predicted by the members of the leading exchanges.

Bradstreet's says: Wheat, including flour, exports for the week aggregate 4,604,846 bushels, as against 5,117,478 last week and 3,432,159 in this week last year. Wheat exports, July 1 to date (twenty-three weeks) aggregate 12,423,906 bushels, as against 80,175,152 last season. Corn exports aggregate 362,844 bushels, as against 630,968 bushels last week and 5,371,377 last year; July 1 to date corn exports are 10,516,931 bushels, against 78,848,203 last season.

Business failures in the United States for the week number 237, as against 189 last week, 224 in this week last year, 220 in 1899, 237 in 1898 and 292 in 1897. Canadian failures number 23, against 26 last week and 27 a year ago.

### LATEST QUOTATIONS.

Flour—Best Patent, \$4.75; High Grade Extra, \$4.25; Minnesota Bakers, \$3.00-3.25.

Wheat—New York No. 2 86½¢; Philadelphia No. 2 red 79½¢; Baltimore No. 2 80½¢.

Corn—New York No. 2 71½¢; Philadelphia No. 2 67½¢; Baltimore No. 2 65½¢.

Oats—New York No. 2 51½¢; Philadelphia No. 2 54¢; Baltimore No. 2 53¢. Hay—No. 1 timothy, large bales, \$15.50-16.00; do, small bales, \$16.00; No. 2 timothy, \$14.50-15.00; No. 3 timothy, \$12.00-13.50.

Green Fruits and Vegetables—Apples, nearby, per bushel, fancy, red, \$2.50-3.00; Cabbage, New York State, per ton \$9.00-11.00; Carrots, native, per bu box 35-40¢; Cauliflower—Long Island, per crate or brl \$1.50-2.50; Celery—New York State, per dozen stalks 20-35¢; do, native, per bunch 3-1/2¢; Cranberries—Cape Cod, per brl \$6.50-7.50; Cucumbers—Florida, per crate \$1.75-2.00; Lettuce—Native, per bushel box 40-60¢.

Onions—Maryland and Pennsylvania, yellow, per bu. \$1.25-1.30; String Beans—Norfolk, per basket, green, \$2.00-2.50; do, wax, \$2.00-2.50; Turnips—Native, per bushel box 20-25¢.

Potatoes.—White—Maryland and Pennsylvania, per bu. No. 1 \$3.00-3.50; do, second, 60-75¢; New York, per bu, best stock, 85-90¢; do, common, 60-75¢; Western, per bu, prime, 85-90¢. Sweets—Eastern Shore, Virginia, per truck brl, \$1.25-1.75; do, per four brl, \$1.75-1.85; do, per brl, frost 75¢-1.00; native, per brl, No. 1, \$2.00-2.25; North Carolina, per brl, No. 1, \$2.00-2.25. Yams—Virginia, per brl, smooth, —\$1.

Provisions and Hog Products.—Bulk clear rib sides, 9¢; bulk clear sides, 9½¢; bulk shoulders, 9½¢; bulk clear plates, 9½¢; bulk fat backs, 14 lbs and under, 9½¢; sugar-cured shoulders, narrow, 9½¢; sugar-cured shoulders, extra broad, 10½¢; hams, canvased or uncanvased, 12 lbs and over, 12½¢; refined lard, tierces, brls and 50-lb cans, gross, 9½¢.

Eggs.—Western Maryland and Pennsylvania, per dozen —27¢; Eastern Shore (Maryland and Virginia), per dozen —27¢; Virginia, per dozen, 26-27¢; West Virginia, per dozen, 25-26¢; Western, per dozen, 26-27¢; Southern, 23-25¢.

Butter, Creamery—Separator, 26-27¢; gathered cream, 22-23¢; imitation, 19-20¢; Md., Va. and Pa. Dairy prints, 21-22¢; small creamery blocks, (2-lb.), 25-26¢; choice rolls, 18-19¢.

Cheese.—New cheese, large 60 lbs., 10-11¢; do, flats, 37 lbs., 11 to 11½¢; picnics, 23 lbs., 11½-12¢.

Live Poultry.—Turkeys—Old, 85-90¢; young, fat, 90-95¢; do, small and poor, —8¢. Chickens—Hens, —7½¢; do old roosters, each 25-30¢; do, young good to choice, 8-8½¢; do, rough and poor, —7¢. Ducks—Fancy, large, 9-10¢; do, small, —8¢; do, muscovy and mongrels, 8-9¢. Geese, Western, each 50-55¢.

Hides.—Heavy steers, association and salters, late kill, 60 lbs and up, close selection, 11½-12½¢; cows and light steers, 9-10¢.

### Live Stock.

Chicago.—Cattle—Good to prime \$6.50-8.75; poor to medium \$4.00-6.25; stockers and feeders \$2.25-4.50; cows \$1.25-4.75; heifers \$2.50-5.50; canners \$1.25-2.30; bulls \$2.00-4.75; calves \$2.50-5.75; Texas fed steers \$5.15. Hogs—Mixed and butchers \$5.75-6.20; good to choice heavy \$5.95-6.30; rough heavy \$5.55-5.90; light \$5.25-5.50; bulk of sales \$5.75-6.15. Sheep active, steady; heavy ewes lower; lambs strong to roc. higher; good to choice wethers \$3.50-4.15; Western sheep \$3.00-4.00; native lambs \$2.50-3.25; Western lambs \$3.00-4.25.

Liberty.—Cattle—choice \$5.75-5.00; prime \$5.00-5.70; good \$5.15-5.45. Hogs active; prime heavies \$6.00-6.25; heavy mediums \$6.00-6.15; light do, \$5.85-5.95; heavy Yorkers \$5.80-5.85; light do, \$5.60-5.70; pigs \$5.40-5.55; skips \$4.50-5.00; rough \$4.50-5.70. Sheep dull; best wethers \$3.50-3.65; culls and common \$1.00-2.00; yearlings \$2.50-3.75; veal calves \$6.00-7.00.

### LABOR AND INDUSTRY

TEN Dec. 9.—Balto N U Nantes has municipal kitchens. Wales has a woman lamp lighter. London boasts three lady architect. England has woman truant hunters. France announces a surgical sewing machine. The world's cables stretch 187,353-172 nautical miles. There is a lady, Miss Penman, who has control over more than 500 conductors in the employ of one of the London tramway companies, but the only woman jockey hails from the United States.

Unable to Stand For Months Because of Sprained Ankles.

CURED BY ST. JACOBS OIL.  
(From the Cardiff Times.)

Among the thousands of voluntary endorsements of the great value of St. Jacobs Oil for sprains, stiffness, and soreness, is that of Mrs. G. Thomas, 4 Alexandra Road, Gelli, Ynbrod, near Pontypridd, South Wales, who says:—"It is with great pleasure that I add my willing testimony to the invaluable excellence of your celebrated St. Jacobs Oil, as experienced by my own case. I sprained both my ankles in walking down some steps so severely that I was unable to stand for several months. The pain I suffered was most severe, and nothing that I used helped me until I applied St. Jacobs Oil, when they immediately became better daily, and in a short time I was able to go about, and soon after I was quite cured. I am now determined to advise all persons suffering from pains to use this wonderful remedy, which did so much for me."

Mrs. Thomas does not enlighten us as to what treatment she pursued during the months she was unable to stand, and during which time she was suffering so much, but we venture to suggest that had she called in any well known medical man he would have at once have prescribed St. Jacobs Oil, for it has conquered pain upwards of fifty years, and doctors know there is nothing so good. The proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil have been awarded twelve gold medals by different international exhibitions as the premier pain-killing remedy of the world. The committees who made the awards were in each instance composed largely of the most eminent medical men obtainable. Mrs. Thomas evidently did not know the high opinion in which St. Jacobs Oil is held by almost every progressive medical man.

When one woman makes a formal call on another woman she seldom stays more than fifteen minutes, ten of which she consumes in saying good-bye.

The furrier sometimes makes things warm for his customers who don't pay their bills.

We refund 10c. for every package of Pursey's Family Pills that fails to give satisfaction. Monroe Drug Co., Unionville, Mo.

The Japanese earthquake of 1703 was the most destructive on record. It killed 100,000 people.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., TOLEDO, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Some naturalists say that no insect except the silk worm feed upon the leaves of the mulberry.

A Doctor's Testimonial. Dr. C. I. S. Rawthorn, of Andalusia, A. S. writes: "Tetterine is superior to any remedy known to me for Eczema and stubborn skin diseases." 50c. a box by mail from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., if your druggist don't keep it.

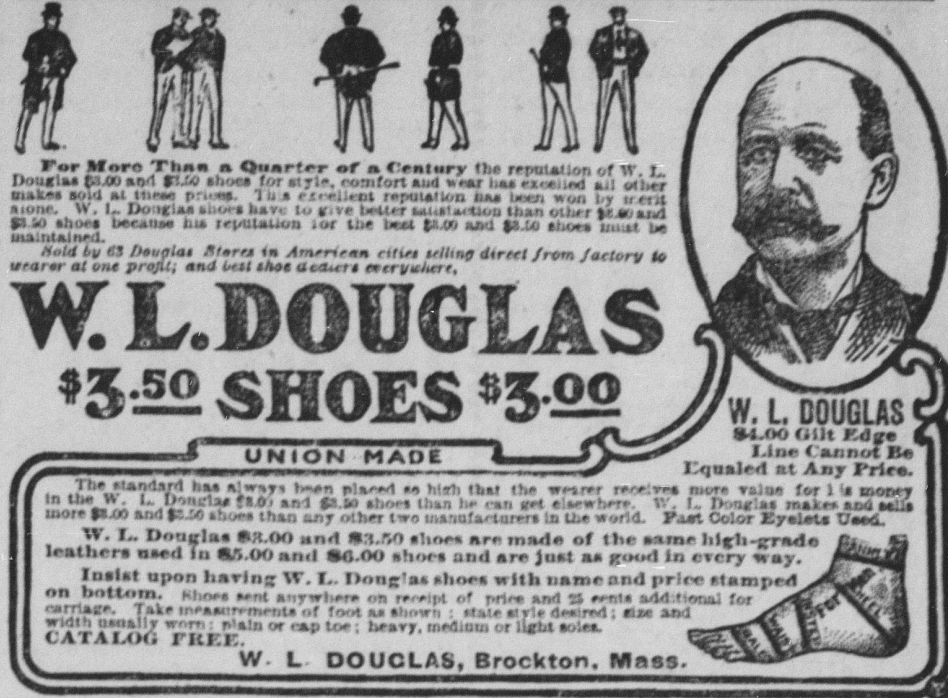
Justice often pursues with a leaden heel, but smites with an iron toe.

Best For the Bowels. No matter what ail you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCAETS help nature, cure you without a grip or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 13 cents to start getting your health back. CASCAETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Men as well as clocks are known by their works.

## WINCHESTER

CARTRIDGES IN ALL CALIBERS from .22 to .50 loaded with either Black or Smokeless Powder always give entire satisfaction. They are made and loaded in a modern manner, by exact machinery operated by skilled experts. THEY SHOOT WHERE YOU HOLD • ALWAYS ASK FOR THEM



For More Than a Quarter of a Century the reputation of W. L. Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes for style, comfort and wear has exceeded all other makes sold at these prices. This is a general reputation based on the fact that W. L. Douglas shoes have to give better satisfaction than other \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes because his reputation for the best \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes must be maintained. Sold by all Douglas stores in American cities selling direct from factory to wear at our profit, and last shoe orders expedited.

**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
**\$3.50 SHOES \$3.00**

UNION MADE

The standard has always been placed so high that the wearer receives more value for 13 money in the W. L. Douglas shoes than any other two manufacturers in the world. Fast Color Resists Wear.

W. L. Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes are made of the same high-grade leathers used in \$5.00 and \$6.00 shoes and are just as good in every way.

Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes sent anywhere on receipt of note and 25 cents additional for carriage. Take measurements of foot as shown; state style desired; size and width usually worn; plain or cap toe; heavy, medium or light soles. CATALOG FREE.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

## \$2000.00 PER DAY GIVEN AWAY!

### VALUABLE INFORMATION

The offer in our Premium Booklet expiring January 3, 1902, is hereby

EXTENDED FOR THE ENTIRE YEAR OF 1902

(except Present No. 125)

PRESENTS WILL BE GIVEN FOR TAGS

delivered to us during the year 1902, taken from the following brands of our tobacco:

R. J. Reynolds' 8 oz., Strawberry, R. J. R., Schnapps, Golden Crown, Reynolds' Sun Cured, Brown & Bro.'s Mahogany, Speckled Beauty, Apple Jack, Man's Pride, Early Bird, P. H. Hanes & Co.'s Natural Leaf, Cutter and O. N. T.

To appreciate our offer, these facts should be considered: That we are giving \$2000.00 per day for tags, to fix the memory of chewers on our trade marks placed on tobaccos, to identify our best efforts to please chewers, and prevent them from being deceived by imitators.

Full descriptions of Presents offered for our tags will be furnished upon request to

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

# SYRUP OF FIGS

Acts Gently;  
Acts Pleasantly;  
Acts Beneficially;  
Acts truly as a Laxative.

Syrup of Figs appeals to the cultured and the well-informed and to the healthy, because its component parts are simple and wholesome and because it acts without disturbing the natural functions, as it is wholly free from every objectionable quality or substance. In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal virtues of Syrup of Figs are obtained from an excellent combination of plants known to be medicinally laxative and to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects—buy the genuine—manufactured by the

**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y.  
For sale by all druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.